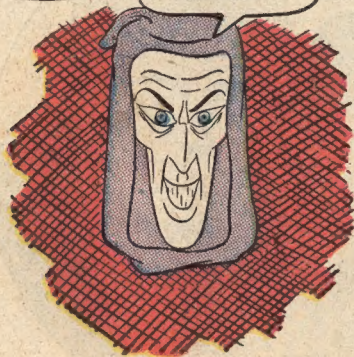


CRIME CAN'T WIN

"KILLING WAS HIS BUSINESS!"



I AM FATE! I CONTROL DESTINIES! THERE STOOD A MAN CALLED WILBUR UNDERHILL. I HAD MUCH IN STORE FOR HIM, AND HIS CAREER WAS WRITTEN IN **BLOOD!**



MOST PEOPLE SAVE STAMPS FOR A HOBBY—BUT NOT WILBUR—HE WAS MORE UNIQUE—HE SAVED GUNS...



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN

...he LOVED HIS GUNS WITH A PASSION—HE PLAYED WITH THEM LIKE A MAN WITH A PACK OF CARDS!



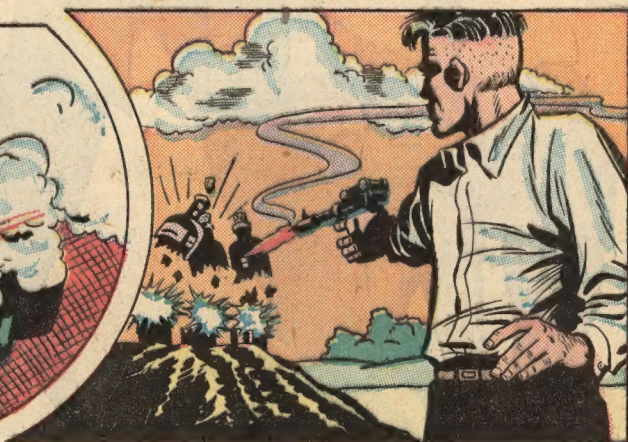
HE SPENT MANY HOURS IN TARGET PRACTICE, USING A TREE FOR AN IMAGINARY MAN...



HE USED ALL KINDS OF GUNS—FROM A MACHINE GUN...



TO AN EXTRA-POWERFUL LUGER...



AN UNDERWORLD HANGOUT, IN PICHER, OKLAHOMA, DURING THE EARLY 20'S...

C'MON, WILBUR!

...AND THAT LUGER—REMEMBER THAT LUGER—"SWEETHEART" HE CALLED IT—FOR, I, FATE, HAD IT PLAY A SPECIAL ROLE IN HIS LIFE!



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

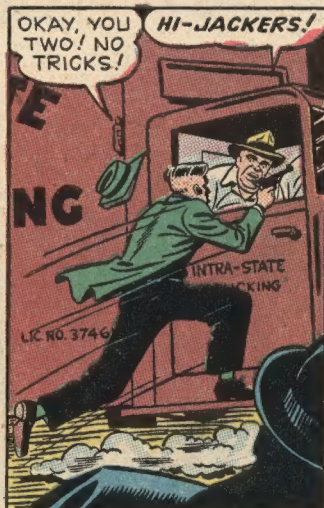
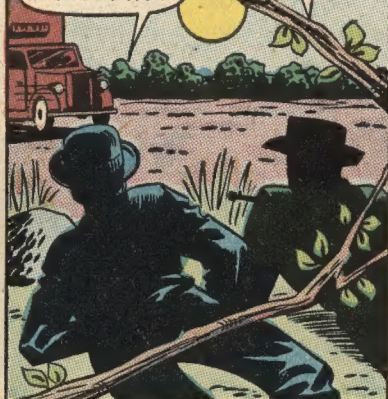
CRIME CAN'T WIN



AND SO BEGAN THE DRAMA OF A NEW CRIMINAL CAREER! WILBUR UNDERHILL HAD BEEN LAUNCHED ON HIS FIRST CRIME!

LATER... HERE SHE COMES, WILBUR... REMEMBER—NO SHOOTING!

OKAY, OKAY—WE'LL JUST SCARE 'EM WITH SWEETHEART!



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN

UNDERHILL WENT INTO HIDING FOR A FEW WEEKS...

THIS ISN'T FOR ME! I BEAT THE RAP! THE DRIVER WAS AFRAID TO SING. SURE... HE KNOWS ABOUT ME AND SWEETHEART!

YOU ARE RIGHT, WILBUR UNDERHILL. NOTHING WILL COME OF THIS— BUT YOUR MARCH UP THE LADDER OF CRIME MUST CONTINUE!

SWEETHEART, YOU AND ME ARE THROUGH WITH THIS PENNY-ANTE STUFF! NO MORE HI-JACKING! NO MORE KNOCKING OFF FILLING STATIONS! WE'RE HEADING FOR THE **BIG TIME!**



LATER... NOW WILBUR UNDERHILL IS IN CRIME'S ELITE CIRCLE. THESE MEN ARE FOUNDERS OF A DREAD GANG!



GIVE ME A CHANCE, BOYS! I'M GOOD, I TELL YOU!

WHAT CAN WE LOSE? LET HIM GO ALONG ON THE JOB!

SOON AFTERWARD, IN AN OKLAHOMA TOWN...



OKAY, HERE IT IS, BOYS! MOVE FAST! DON'T SHOOT UNLESS YOU HAVE TO!

OKAY!



NOBODY MAKE A MOVE!

GRAB THE DOUGH FAST!



COME ON—LET'S GO!

I'LL BE WITH YOU IN A MINUTE. I DON'T LIKE THIS GUARD'S FACE!

THAT'S IT, WILBUR! LET'S BRANCH OUT INTO MURDER!



HA! HA! THIS'LL CHANGE YOUR FACE, GUARD!

FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN

LATER—AT THE GANG'S HIDEOUT...

WHY DID YOU DO IT, UNDERHILL? I WARNED YOU ABOUT SHOOTING!

I LIKE TO SHOOT!

YEAH, BECAUSE OF YOU, THIS CAN WIND UP IN A MURDER RAP!

SO WHAT? KILLING'S MY BUSINESS! I'LL GO ON KILLING!



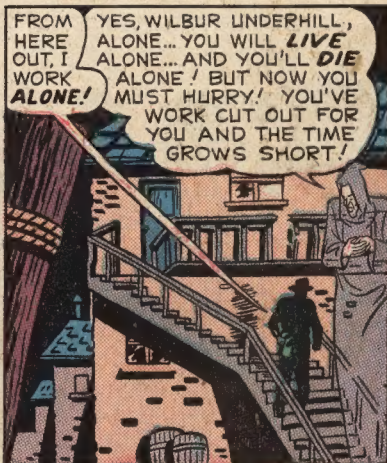
NOT AROUND US YOU WON'T! TAKE YOUR CUT AND GET OUT!

YEAH! AND DON'T CROSS OUR TRAIL, OR **WE'LL DO THE KILLING!**



FROM HERE OUT, I WORK **ALONE!**

YES, WILBUR UNDERHILL, ALONE... YOU WILL **LIVE** ALONE... AND YOU'LL **DIE** ALONE! BUT NOW YOU MUST HURRY! YOU'VE WORK CUT OUT FOR YOU AND THE TIME GROWS SHORT!



SOON UNDERHILL'S SHARE OF THE LOOT WAS GONE...

THAT NIGHT...

SWEETHEART, WE HAVE TO MAKE SOME DOUGH—YOU AND ME!

YES, YOU NEED MONEY, AND PERHAPS YOU CAN TAKE A LIFE! THEN YOU WILL BE IN ALL YOUR GLORY!



DO YOU KNOW CHRISTMAS EVE?

TONIGHT IS CHRISTMAS EVE! THIS IS A NIGHT FOR MEN OF GOOD WILL, NOT KILLERS WITH MURDER IN THEIR HEARTS!

LOOK AT THE SUCKERS! CHRISTMAS EVE! IT DON'T MEAN A THING TO ME EXCEPT THAT THESE STORES WILL BE LOADED WITH DOUGH!



THIS JOINT MUST BE ROLLING IN DOUGH! I'LL GIVE IT A TRY!



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN



SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, AT A QUIET ROOMING HOUSE...



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN

AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...



UNDERHILL HEADS FOR HIS ROOMING HOUSE...



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN

IN UNDERHILL'S ROOM...

I'LL HAVE TO HOLE UP—BUT WHERE?

YOU RENOUNCED EVERYONE, WILBUR! YOU SOUGHT TO LIVE ALONE, LIKE AN OUTCAST WOLF. THERE IS NO ONE TO HELP YOU!



WHAT NOW, LONE WOLF?

WHAT NOW?

SOMETHING WILL TURN UP—IT ALWAYS DOES!



LIKE A HUNTED BEAST, UNDERHILL SCURRED THROUGH THE STREETS LOOKING FOR A PLACE TO HIDE...

SAY, YOU'RE WILBUR UNDERHILL!

HUH? SOME-TIMES THE LEAST DESERVING MEET WITH THE GREATEST FORTUNE!



OKAY, I'M UNDERHILL—SO WHAT?

TAKE IT EASY, WILBUR—DON'T YOU KNOW ME?



ONCE AGAIN, WILBUR UNDERHILL MEETS THE MAN-ROY—WHO STARTED WITH HIM ON A CAREER OF CRIME!

YEAH, I KNOW YOU—YEAH—SURE... WE WORKED HI-JACKING DEALS TOGETHER!

THAT'S RIGHT! I HEAR YOU'RE HOT, WILBUR!



HOTTER THAN A FIRE-CRACKER. I'M TRYING TO HOLE UP!



YOU NEED A HIDEOUT? COME OUT TO MY PLACE! I'M RESPECTABLE NOW. CLEAN AS A WHISTLE!

GEE, THANKS, ROY—IT WON'T BE FOR LONG!

MAKE IT FOR AS LONG AS YOU WANT, WILBUR!

AH, FRIENDSHIP AMONG THIEVES, EH? IT'S TOUCHING—BUT, THERE'S MORE TO THIS THAN MEETS THE EYE!



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN

A T ROY'S APARTMENT...

HERE'S A SPECIAL DRINK FOR YOU, WILBUR... IT'S MY OWN MIXTURE!

THANKS! YOU SURE HAVE A SWELL LAY-OUT!

HERE'S TO CRIME!

DRINK HEARTY!

SHAY-WHA' WASH IN TH' FEEL GROGGY... I...

I TOLD YOU IT WAS A **SPECIAL MIXTURE**, UNDERHILL!

SO— THERE IS **NO HONOR** AMONG THIEVES... ONLY **DISHONOR!**

YOU RAT... I'M DRUGGED— I'LL...

YOU WON'T DO ANYTHING BUT FLOP ON YOUR NOSE! THERE'S TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS IN REWARD MONEY FOR YOU. I COULD USE IT!

OOH!

NICE ROD — I THINK I'LL KEEP IT FOR A 'SOUVENIR'!

IF YOU WANT UNDERHILL, COMMISSIONER, I HAVE HIM! SEND YOUR BOYS, AND MAKE SURE THE TEN GRAND IS READY!

SOON THE WHEELS OF JUSTICE GRIND OUT THE PUNISHMENT FOR UNDERHILL'S CRIMES...

WILBUR UNDERHILL, BECAUSE THERE IS NO CAPITAL PUNISHMENT IN THIS STATE, YOU ARE SENTENCED TO SPEND THE REST OF YOUR NATURAL LIFE IN THE PENITENTIARY!

YOU'RE WRONG! NO PRISON'LL EVER HOLD ME! I HAVE LOTS TO SETTLE AND I'M COMING OUT!

FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN

IN PRISON, THE KILLER BROODED—
THINKING OF ESCAPE AND VENGEANCE...

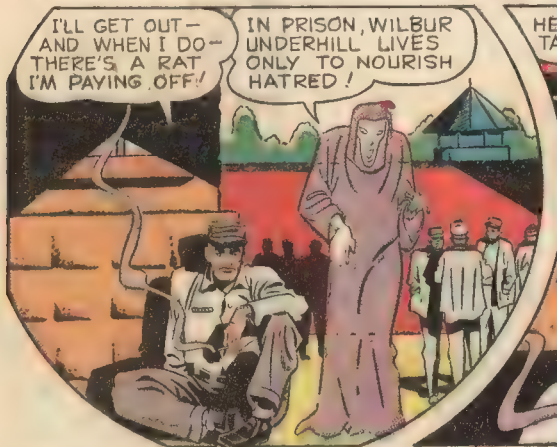
THEN, ONE DAY IN THE
PRISON YARD...

A ROD! WHAT'S
THIS—A BREAK?

I'LL GET OUT—
AND WHEN I DO—
THERE'S A RAT
I'M PAYING OFF!

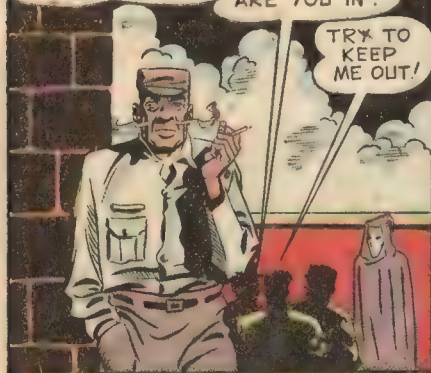
IN PRISON, WILBUR
UNDERHILL LIVES
ONLY TO NOURISH
HATRED!

HEY, UNDERHILL,
TAKE A SQUINT!



YEAH, IT'S A **BREAK!** TOMORROW'S
MEMORIAL DAY AND WE'RE BUSTING
OUT DURING THE BALL GAME! THERE'S
PLENTY MORE RODS TO PASS AROUND!
ARE YOU IN?

TRY TO
KEEP
ME OUT!

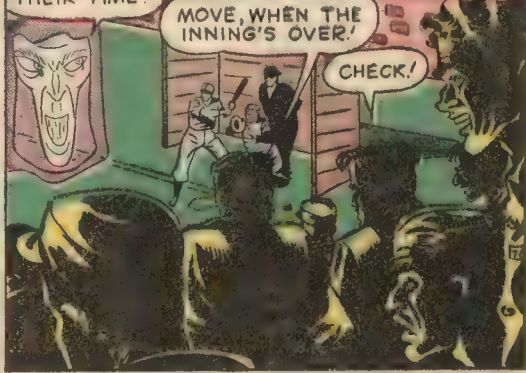


MEMORIAL DAY, 1933...

THERE IS MORE AT
STAKE HERE THAN A VICTORY OR LOSS IN
THE BALL GAME, WILBUR UNDERHILL AND
OTHER DESPERATE CRIMINALS ARE BIDDING
THEIR TIME!

MOVE, WHEN THE
INNINGS OVER!

CHECK!



AT LAST THE MOMENT
'GAME AND THE ARMED
CONVICTS ACTED SWIFTLY!

SO LONG,
WARDEN!

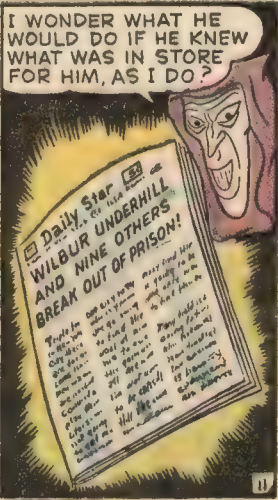
YOU'LL NEVER
GET AWAY
WITH THIS,
UNDERHILL!



DON'T MAKE ME
LAUGH, WARDEN!
I GET AWAY WITH
ANYTHING
I WANT!

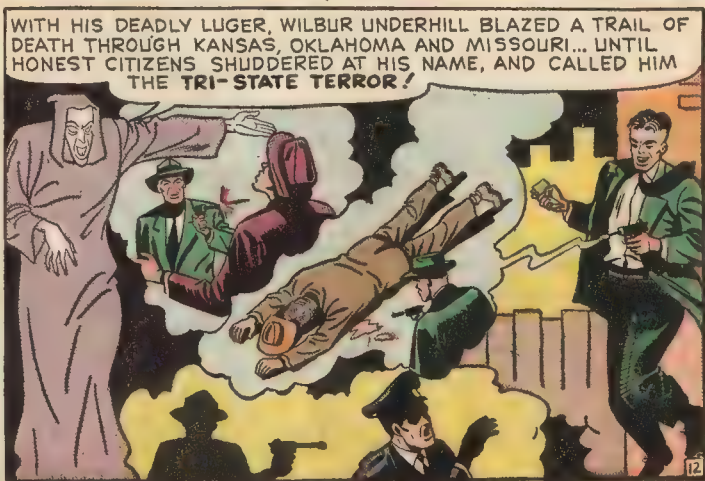


I WONDER WHAT HE
WOULD DO IF HE KNEW
WHAT WAS IN STORE
FOR HIM, AS I DO?



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN

FINALLY, THE FEDERAL BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION JOINED THE WIDE-SPREAD DRAGNET FOR WILBUR UNDERHILL...

BENSON, WE JUST RECEIVED ORDERS! UNDERHILL JUST ROBBED A POST OFFICE AND HE COMES UNDER **OUR** JURISDICTION NOW!

FINE! WE'LL PULL THE TERROR'S FANGS!



AND NOW WILBUR UNDERHILL'S BOOK WAS COMING TO A CLOSE! THE NET DREW TIGHTER AND TIGHTER, UNTIL...



WHAT'S THAT, BENSON? YOU'VE TRAILED UNDERHILL TO A HOUSE IN SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA? **OKAY!**



BOYS, WE'LL HAVE UNDERHILL BY TONIGHT! **LET'S GO!**

OKAY, CHIEF!



MEANWHILE, IN A SMALL FARMHOUSE NEAR SHAWNEE, OKLAHOMA...

AH, I FEEL GOOD! LOTS OF DOUGH! NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT! THOSE DUMB, HICKS WILL **NEVER** FIND ME! I'M TOO SMART FOR THEM AND THE F.B.I. TOO!



YOU'RE SMART ONLY IN YOUR **OWN** EYES, WILBUR UNDERHILL! BETTER BRAINS THAN YOURS ARE SEALING YOUR FATE!

A COUPLE OF MORE JOBS AND THEN I HIT FOR CENTRAL AMERICA... THEY'LL **NEVER** GET ME!



MEANWHILE...

PULL OVER! THERE'S BENSON!



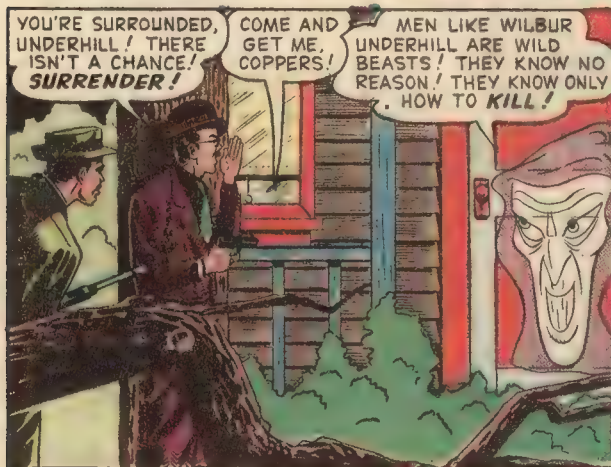
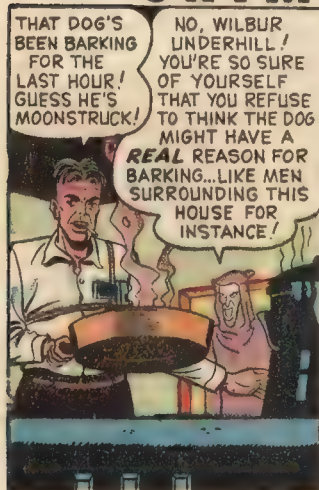
HIS HIDEOUT IS JUST AROUND THE BEND! HE'S IN THERE **ALL** RIGHT!

NICE WORK, BENSON! THIS IS IT, BOYS! WE'LL CLOSE IN AT DUSK!



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN



SOMEHOW, UNDERHILL, BADLY WOUNDED, MANAGED TO REACH THE MAIN STREET OF SHAWNEE...

EVERY STEP IS A MILE, WILBUR UNDERHILL! YOUR BLOODY CAREER IS SEEPING OUT IN BLOOD!

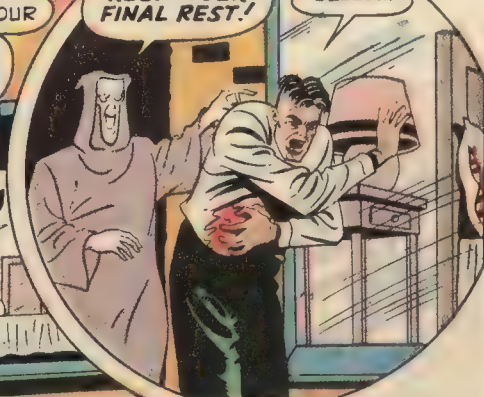


IF SWEETHEART HADN'T MISFIRED! IF-IF... I'M SO TIRED!

FURNITURE

THERE IS REST-YOUR FINAL REST!

BED... REST... SLEEP...



THERE HE IS - RIDDLED LIKE A SIEVE!

AND THAT ENDS THE MAD CAREER OF WILBUR UNDERHILL - SIGNED OFF IN BLOOD!

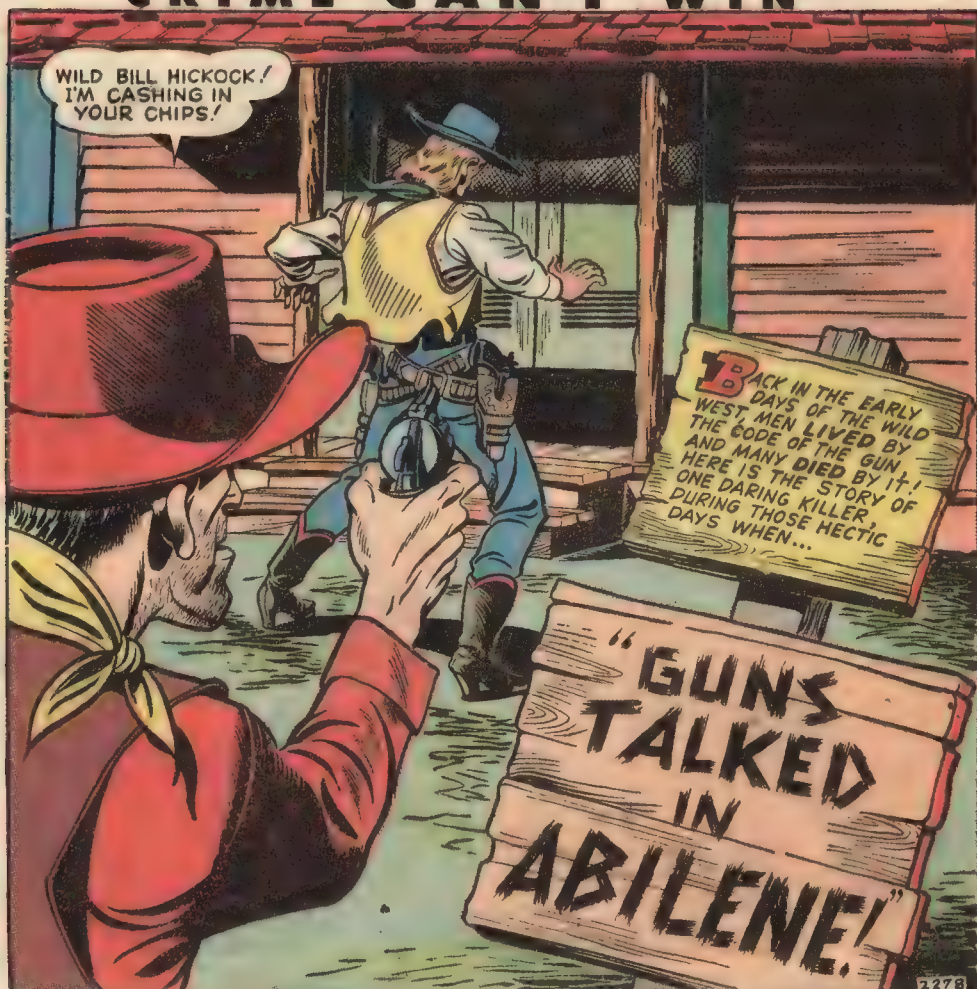
WHAT A MOCKERY - WILBUR UNDERHILL, THE DREADED KILLER, DIED IN BED! LIKE ALL THOSE WHO PIT THEMSELVES AGAINST SOCIETY, WILBUR UNDERHILL'S END WAS A BAD ONE... THE END FOR ALL CRIMINALS IS BAD... BECAUSE CRIME CANNOT WIN!



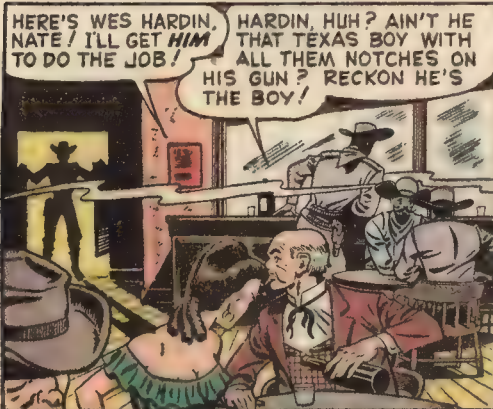
THE END

FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN



DURING THE '70'S, ABILENE, KANSAS WAS A TOUGH TOWN, AND THE GOLDEN EGG SALOON WAS THE TOUGHEST SPOT IN TOWN...



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN

THAR/NINETEEN NOTCHES ON MUH SHOOTIN' IRON! AIN'T THAT ENOUGH? I'M **PLENTY** IMPORTANT, SAL!

NOTCHES FOR COWHANDS-- SADDLE TRAMPS... NOBODY WITH A NAME-LIKE WILD BILL HICKOCK FOR INSTANCE! NOW IF WILD BILL WAS ONE OF THEM NOTCHES...

HICKOCK IS GETTIN' TOO BIG FER HIS BRITCHES, WES! SINCE HE WAS MADE MARSHAL OF ABILENE, THERE AIN'T ANY HOLDIN' HIM! AN' HE'S AFTER **YOU!**

HE TOLD SOME OF THE BOYS HE'D **GUN** YOU ON SIGHT!

I RECKON ME AN' THE MARSHAL NEED A SHOOT-OUT!

WHAT'D I TELL YOU, NATE? HE'LL DO IT!



HARDIN WENT AFTER HICKOCK, AND FOUND HIM...

STAND WHERE YOU ARE, MARSHAL! YOU AN' ME ARE HAVIN' A TALK-- WITH SHOOTIN' IRONS!

WHAT'S WRONG WITH YOU, WES? WHO'S BEEN HOPPIN' YOU UP? I GOT NO FEUD WITH YOU AS LONG AS YOU BEHAVE YOURSELF IN ABILENE!



DON'T MOVE, WES! WHO PUT YOU UP TO THIS? WAS IT NATE SOMERS?

YOU'RE FAST ON THE DRAW, MARSHAL! YEP, IT WAS SOMERS!



YOU'RE A **FOOL**, WES! HE WANTS ME OUT OF THE WAY BECAUSE I'M CRACKING DOWN ON THE GOLDEN EGG! HE JUST WANTED YOU TO DO HIS **DIRTY** WORK!

YEAH...HE PUT SAL UP TO EGG ME ON! LET ME GO, MARSHAL, AND I'LL SHAKE ABILENE DUST BY SUNDOWN!



HARDIN RETURNED TO THE GOLDEN EGG...

WES, HONEY--DID YOU DO THE JOB?

NOPE! CHANGED MUH MIND! TOOK **ANOTHER** JOB!



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN

NEW JOB IS *RAT-KILLIN'*!

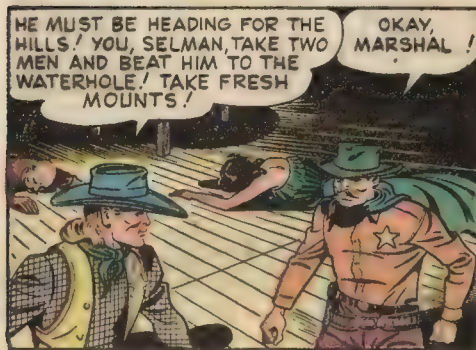


I'LL HIT FOR THE HILLS! THEY'LL NEVER FIND ME THAR!



HE MUST BE HEADING FOR THE HILLS! YOU, SELMAN, TAKE TWO MEN AND BEAT HIM TO THE WATERHOLE! TAKE FRESH MOUNTS!

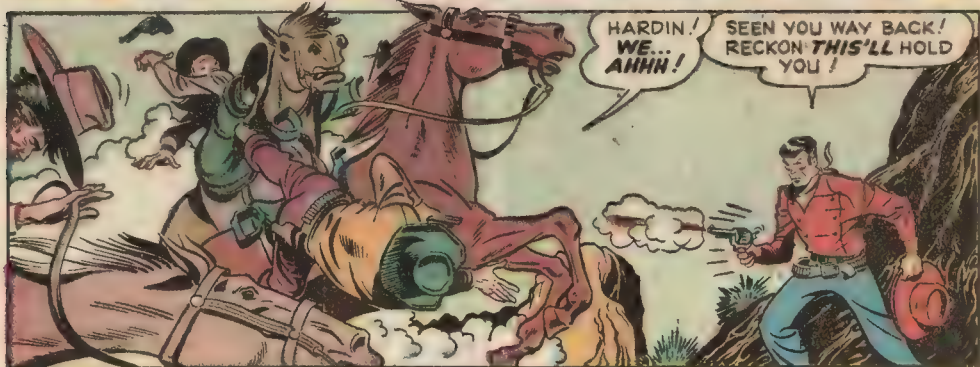
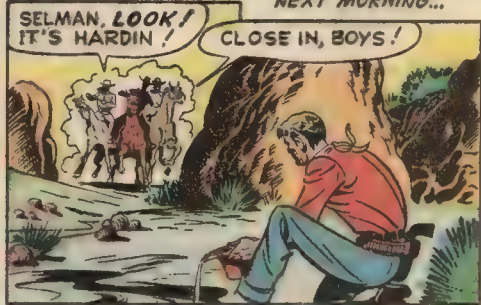
OKAY, MARSHAL!



THE PURSUIT LASTED ALL NIGHT! THE NEXT MORNING...

SELMAN, LOOK! IT'S HARDIN!

CLOSE IN, BOYS!

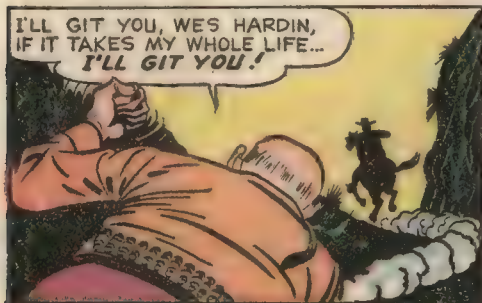


SEEN YOU WAY BACK! RECKON *THIS'LL* HOLD YOU!

HARDIN'S BULLETS KILLED TWO OF THE DEPUTIES! THE OTHER...

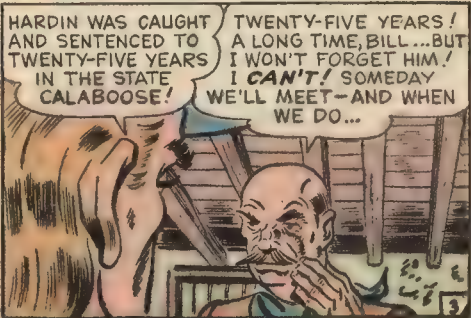
MONTHS LATER, BACK IN ABILENE...

I'LL GIT YOU, WES HARDIN, IF IT TAKES MY WHOLE LIFE... I'LL GIT YOU!



HARDIN WAS CAUGHT AND SENTENCED TO TWENTY-FIVE YEARS IN THE STATE CALABOOSE!

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS! A LONG TIME, BILL...BUT I WON'T FORGET HIM! I *CAN'T!* SOMEDAY WE'LL MEET--AND WHEN WE DO...



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN

THE YEARS PASSED SLOWLY IN THE STATE PEN...

WHO'S THAT GUY? HE'S ALWAYS READIN' THEM LAW BOOKS!

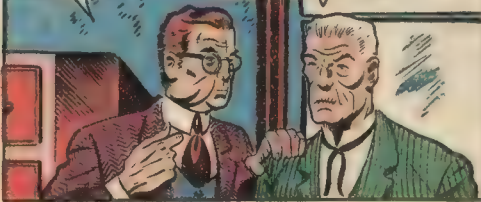
THAT'S WES HARDIN! ONCE HE WAS THE WORST GUN SLINGER IN THE SOUTHWEST! HE'S CALMED DOWN CONSIDERABLE! SPENDS HIS TIME **STUDYIN' LAW!**



FINALLY, IN 1895...

YOU'RE A FREE MAN NOW, HARDIN! WHAT WILL YOU DO?

GO BACK TO EL PASO! THAT'S MY HOME! BEEN STUDYIN' LAW ALL THESE YEARS! MAYBE I'LL TAKE THE BAR EXAMINATION AN' SET UP PRACTICE-OR MAYBE WORK FOR A LAWYER!



EL PASO, TEXAS...

HOME, AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!

YOU - WES HARDIN!



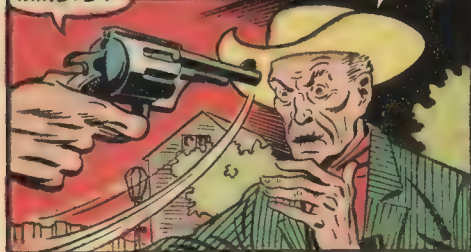
WE MEET AGAIN, HARDIN! THE LAST TIME YOU GAVE ME **THIS!**

YOU'RE ONE OF HICKOCK'S DEPUTIES! BUT THAT WAS SO LONG AGO... EVEN HICKOCK'S DEAD NOW!



YOU'RE NOT, HARDIN! I'VE BEEN WAITING YEARS FOR THIS MINUTE!

WAIT! I AIN'T ARMED!



YOU KILLED THIRTY-SIX MEN IN YOUR TIME, HARDIN, AND ALL OF THEM WERE **UNARMED!** SOME OF THEM YOU PLUGGED IN THE BACK! NOW **YOU** GET WHAT'S COMIN' TO YOU!



SO JOHN WESLEY HARDIN DIED - A VICTIM OF THE GUN! FOR THOSE WHO LIVE BY IT, DIE BY IT! SELMAN HIMSELF WAS KILLED A FEW DAYS LATER IN A GUNFIGHT!

IN DEFERENCE TO PERSONS INNOCENTLY INVOLVED, SOME OF THE CHARACTERS DEPICTED IN THIS STORY ARE GIVEN FICTITIOUS NAMES.

FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

WANTED BY THE F.B.I.

\$100 REWARD

WILL BE PAID FOR INFORMATION
LEADING TO THE ARREST OF
ANY OF THESE FUGITIVES

CLINTON RICE

With aliases: Banket Rice, Victor Rice, "Red."

DESCRIPTION

Age 34, born June 16, 1892, Evansville, Indiana; Height, 5 feet, 4 1/4 inches; Weight, 143 pounds; Build, medium; Eyes, blue; Hair, black, curly, bald spot on top of head; Complexion, very light brown; Race, negro; Nationality, American; Occupations, chauffeur, laborer, paperhanger, painter and decorator, and porter; Scars and marks, ring finger of left hand amputated at second joint, word "love" tattooed on back of four fingers of right hand, one letter on each finger, word "OLA" on back of three fingers of left hand, letter "O" on index finger, letter "L" on middle finger and letter "A" on ring finger.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR ROBBERY CRIMINAL RECORD

Rice was sentenced to a term of 10 years in the Missouri State Penitentiary for robbery, first degree, and attempted robbery, first degree.

CAUTION!

RICE IS CONSIDERED DANGEROUS AND
MAY BE ARMED

A complaint was filed before the United States Commissioner at St. Louis, Missouri, August 10, 1943, charging Clinton Rice with violating Section 408a, Title 18, U. S. Code in that he unlawfully fled from the state of Missouri to avoid prosecution for the crime of robbery.

Fingerprint Classification:

14 0 15 R OIM 16 AMP Rel. 31
I 28 W OIM 28

ALLEN BUTLER WOOLWORTH

With aliases: O. W. Nelson, Jack Nelson, "Blackie" Nelson, Allen W. Woolworth, "Grape" Woolworth.

DESCRIPTION
Age, 42 years, born October 9, 1903, Wichita, Kansas; Height, 5 feet, 10 inches; Weight, 158 pounds; Eyes, blue; Hair, dark brown; greying; Complexion, brown; Build, medium; Race, white; date; Nationality, American; Occupation, clerk; Scars and Marks, small cut scar left corner of mouth, cut scar "v" shape on right forehead, appendectomy scar.

CRIMINAL RECORD

On September 27, 1938, Allen Butler Woolworth was convicted and sentenced in Federal Court, Norfolk, Nebraska, to serve one and one half years on another count, and 20 years on one count and 25 years on another count, currently, for participation in the \$22,950.00 armed robbery of The Delay National Bank, Norfolk, Nebraska, on November 9, 1934. This Federal sentence was to begin upon expiration of a 10 to 50 year sentence Woolworth began serving in the Kansas State Penitentiary, Lansing, Kansas, on June 11, 1937, for robbery of The Citizens National Bank, Emporia, Kansas, on March 1, 1933. On January 3, 1934, he escaped from the Kansas State Penitentiary. His criminal record, which dates back to 1921, includes arrest for assault and carrying concealed weapons. He is reported to be ARMED at the present time and is regarded as DANGEROUS. An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Kansas City, on June 4, 1943, charging Woolworth with violation of the Selective Training and Service Act of 1940.

13 M I R 000 12

Fingerprint Classification: M I U 01

RAYMOND ELMER JACKSON

With aliases: Jim Beam, Joe Morris, James Elmer Jackson.

DESCRIPTION

Age, 52 or 53, born November 8, 1893 or 1894 in Iowa; Height, 5'9"; Weight, 165 pounds; Eyes, blue or gray; Hair, brown; Complexion, medium; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Occupations, laborer and mechanic.

Scars and marks, small cut scar on bridge of nose.

CONDONAL RELEASE VIOLATOR

CRIMINAL RECORD

Since September 15, 1925, Raymond Elmer Jackson has been arrested on numerous occasions for charges which include breaking and entering, illegal transportation of liquor, automobile larceny, forgery and violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act.

On November 5, 1942 the U. S. District Court at Moscow, Idaho, sentenced this subject to serve two years imprisonment for a violation of the National Motor Vehicle Theft Act. Jackson served a portion of this sentence at the U. S. Penitentiary, McNeil Island, Washington, and was conditionally released from this institution on May 16, 1944. On July 21, 1944 the U. S. Board of Parole issued a warrant for the arrest of this subject as James Elmer Jackson in which he is charged with violating the terms of his conditional release.

Fingerprint Classification: 17 O 13 U 000
I 24 W OOM 23

RAYMOND WRIGHT

With aliases: Raymond Burton, Dawney Gowan, Raymond Knoll, Raymond McFarrell, Raymond Roberts, Raymond Scott, "Blackie", "Mile".

DESCRIPTION

Age, 34 years, born May 20, 1912, Peach Orchard, Arkansas; Height, 5 feet, 8 inches; Weight, 150 pounds; Eyes, black, sometimes appear green; Hair, dark brown; Complexion, ruddy; Build, medium; Race, white; Nationality, American; Education, grade school; Occupations, farmhand, truck driver, mechanic; Scars and marks, scar on left temple, several scars back of head usually obscured by hair; Peculiarities, prominent eyes back of head usually obscured by upper front teeth, affects cowboy dress, noticeable gop rodeo and dude ranches, rides freight trains, talks slowly and liberally, usually quiet and well-mannered but reported cruel to domestic animals.

UNLAWFUL FLIGHT TO AVOID PROSECUTION FOR MURDER CRIMINAL RECORD (None Known)

An indictment was returned by a Federal Grand Jury at Wichita, Kansas, on September 28, 1935, charging subject as Raymond Knoll with violation of the Unlawful Flight to Avoid Prosecution Statute in that he did, on or about October 18, 1934, unlawfully flee from the state of Oklahoma to avoid prosecution for the crime of MURDER, which crime was committed in Montgomery County, Kansas, on October 18, 1934.

Fingerprint Classification: [None available]



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HEAR 'EM "CHOO-CHOO"



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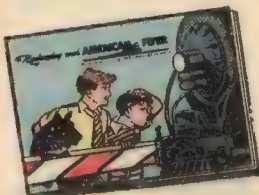


See . . . American Flyer's 2-rail track has no old-fashioned third rail in the middle. "T" design rail. Looks just like the track of a real steam railroad..

The new American Flyers bring you all the wonder and glory of railroad-ing. They puff real smoke. The built-in "choo-choo" reproduces the choo-choo sounds of a real locomotive under full steam. Both smoke and "choo-choos" vary in intensity as you increase or decrease the speed of your train. Locomotives, tenders, cars and track are all built to uni-

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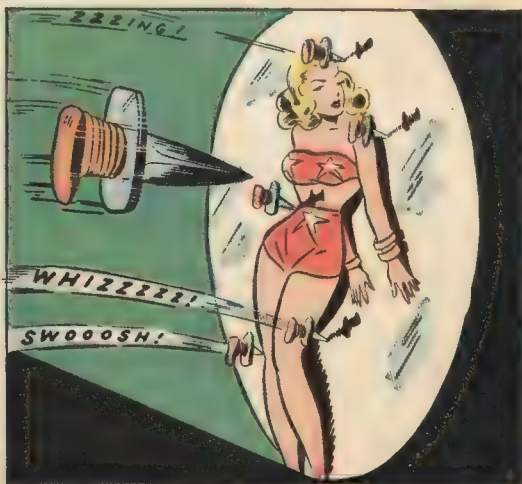
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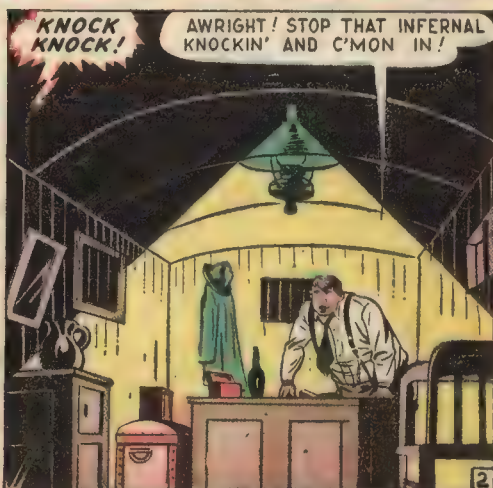
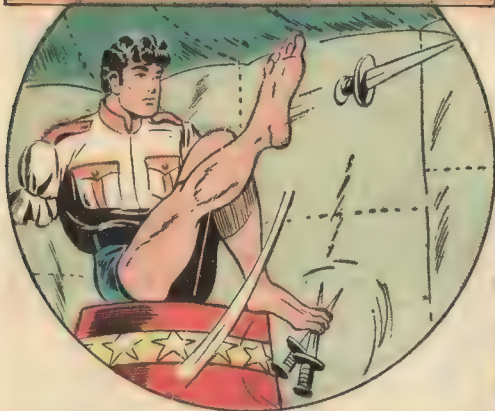
CRIME CAN'T WIN



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

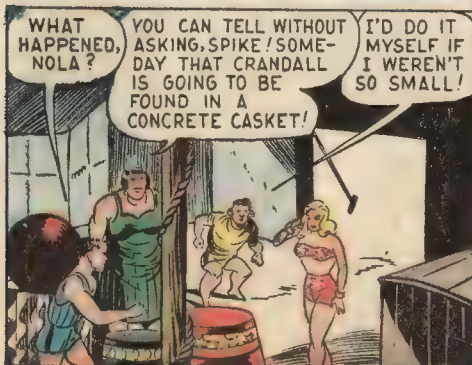
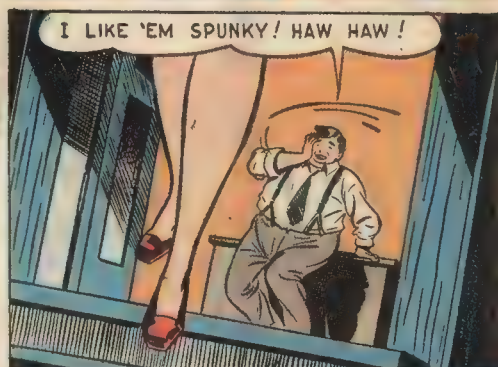
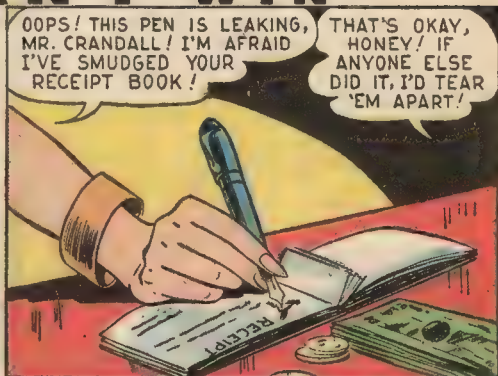
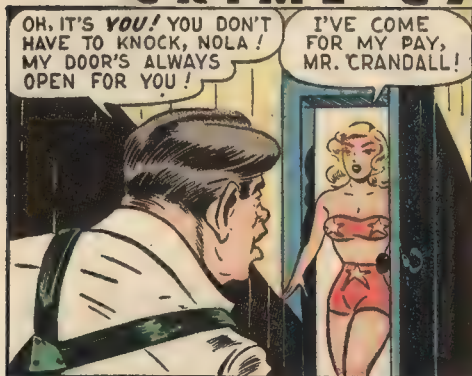
CRIME CAN'T WIN

INSIDE THE BIG TENT, FARO AMAZED HIS AUDIENCES BY HIS ASTOUNDING PERFORMANCE—USING HIS FEET WITH MORE SKILL THAN MOST PEOPLE COULD USE THEIR ARMS...



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN



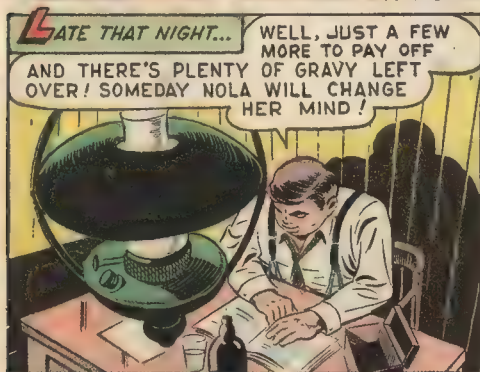
ME KILL HIM LIKE MAD DOG! GET OUT OF WAY, FARO!

TAKE IT EASY, GIGANTO! CRANDALL ISN'T WORTH THE TROUBLE YOU'LL GET INTO IF YOU KILL HIM!



YOU RIGHT, FARO... BUT SOMEDAY HE GET IT GOOD!

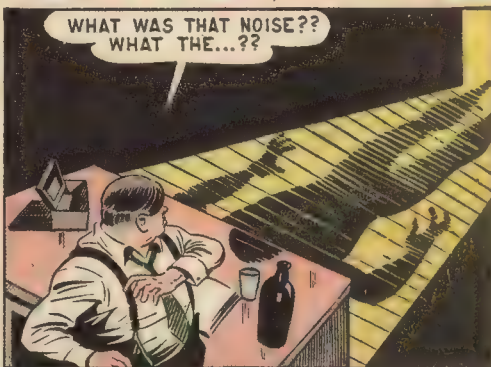
ATTABOY! WELL, WHEN I GET PAID, I HOPE CRANDALL DOESN'T GET ROUGH WITH ME! I CAN'T PROTECT MYSELF... MUCH!



LATE THAT NIGHT...

AND THERE'S PLENTY OF GRAVY LEFT OVER! SOMEDAY NOLA WILL CHANGE HER MIND!

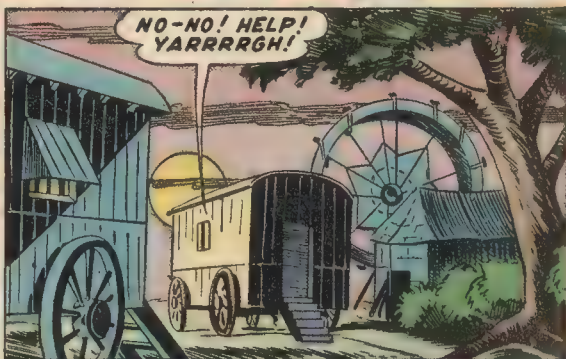
WELL, JUST A FEW MORE TO PAY OFF



WHAT WAS THAT NOISE?? WHAT THE...??



YOU! WH-WHAT DO YOU WANT? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE! NO...NO!



NO-NO! HELP! YARRRRGH!



MEANWHILE, IN THE PARK CLOSE BY...

LISTEN, MR. TRAPP! YOU'VE GOTTA GIVE ME THE INSIDE DOPE ON THAT NARCOTIC CASE OR MY EDITOR WILL FIRE ME!

YOU CAN QUOTE ME AS SAYING "CRIME DOESN'T PAY!"



HELLP!

RIGHT! TAG ALONG AND YOU MAY GOT AN EXCLUSIVE FOR YOUR RAG!

WHAT TH--?? HEY, IT'S COMING FROM THE CARNIVAL!

FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN



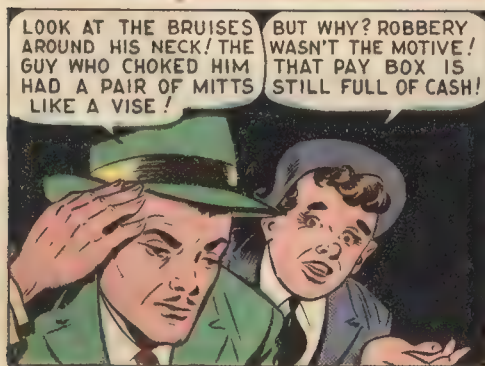
THERE'S A LIGHT!
LET'S CHECK THAT
PLACE FIRST!

IT LOOKS LIKE A CIRCUS
PAY-WAGON... BARRED
WINDOWS AND ALL!



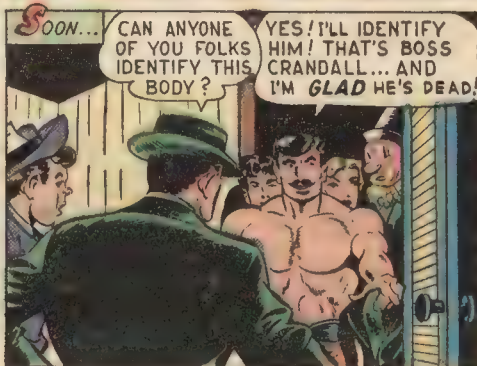
HOLY SMOKES!
IS H--HE...???

RIGHT! DEADER'N A
DOORNAIL!



LOOK AT THE BRUISES
AROUND HIS NECK! THE
GUY WHO CHOKED HIM
HAD A PAIR OF MITTS
LIKE A VISE!

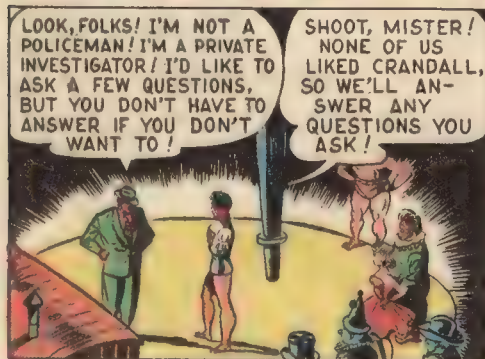
BUT WHY? ROBBERY
WASN'T THE MOTIVE!
THAT PAY BOX IS
STILL FULL OF CASH!



SOON...

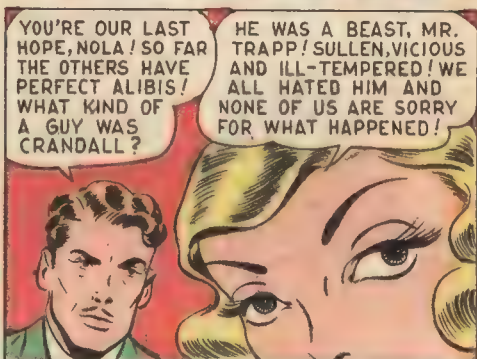
CAN ANYONE
OF YOU FOLKS
IDENTIFY THIS
BODY?

YES! I'LL IDENTIFY
HIM! THAT'S BOSS
CRANDALL... AND
I'M GLAD HE'S DEAD!



LOOK, FOLKS! I'M NOT A
POLICEMAN! I'M A PRIVATE
INVESTIGATOR! I'D LIKE TO
ASK A FEW QUESTIONS,
BUT YOU DON'T HAVE TO
ANSWER IF YOU DON'T
WANT TO!

SHOOT, MISTER!
NONE OF US
LIKED CRANDALL,
SO WE'LL AN-
SWER ANY
QUESTIONS YOU
ASK!



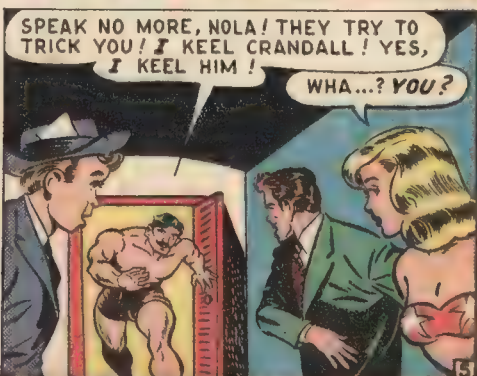
YOU'RE OUR LAST
HOPE, NOLA! SO FAR
THE OTHERS HAVE
PERFECT ALIBIS!
WHAT KIND OF
A GUY WAS
CRANDALL?

HE WAS A BEAST, MR.
TRAPP! SULLEN, VICIOUS
AND ILL-TEMPERED! WE
ALL HATED HIM AND
NONE OF US ARE SORRY
FOR WHAT HAPPENED!



WHO SAW HIM
ALIVE LAST,
NOLA?

HMM! I GUESS FARO DID! HE
WAS THE LAST PERFORMER
TO GET PAID! HE WAS THE
LAST TO SIGN THE RECEIPT
BOOK!

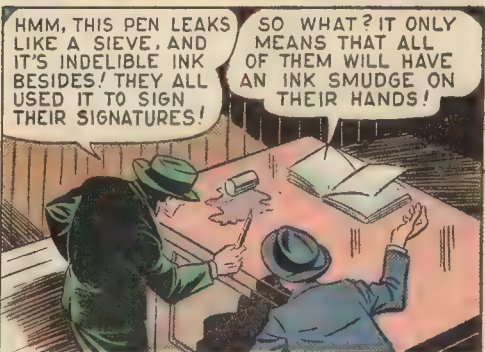
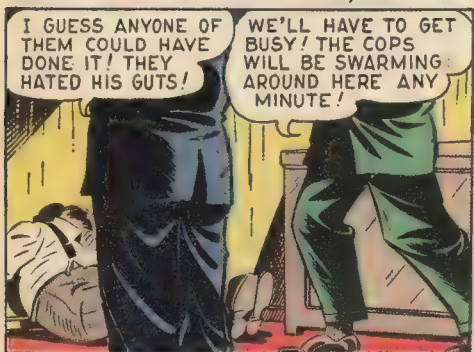
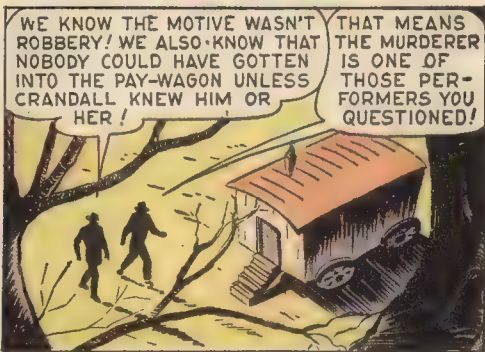
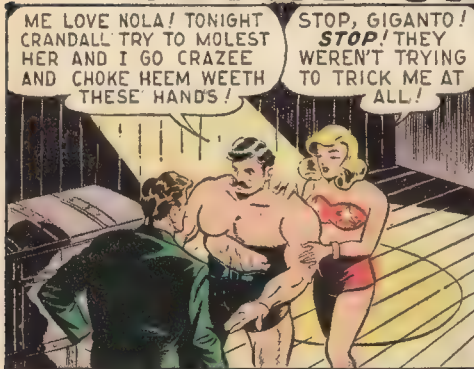


SPEAK NO MORE, NOLA! THEY TRY TO
TRICK YOU! I KEEL CRANDALL! YES,
I KEEL HIM!

WHA...? YOU?

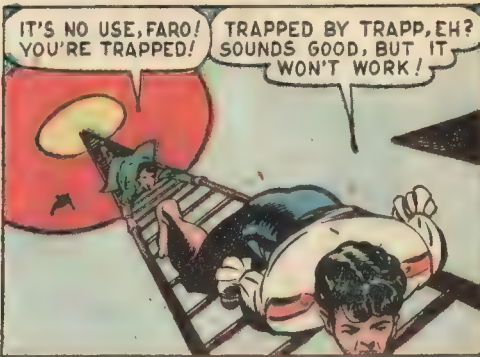
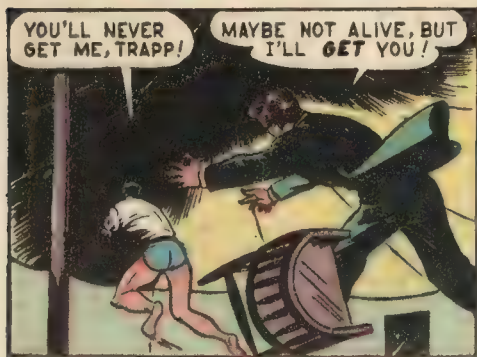
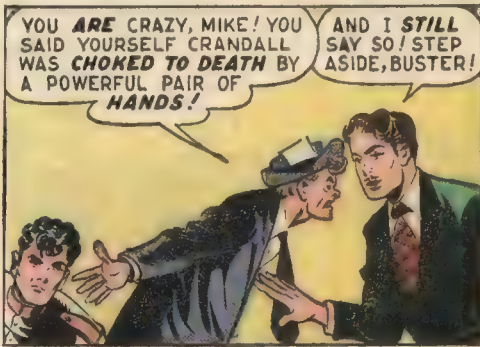
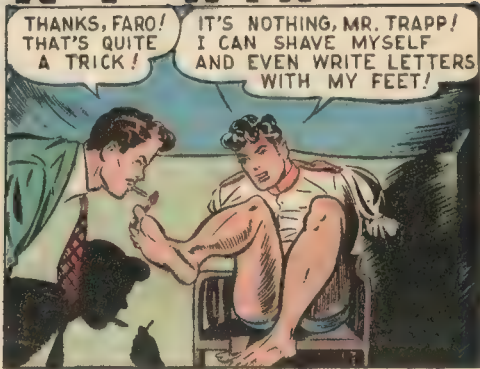
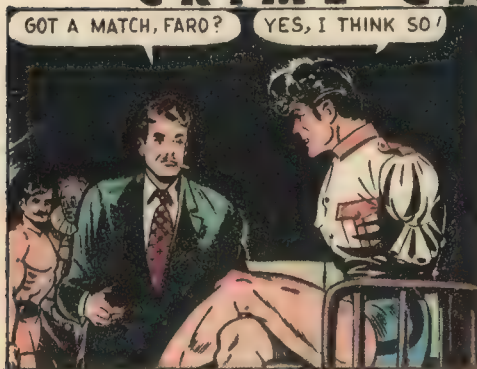
FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN



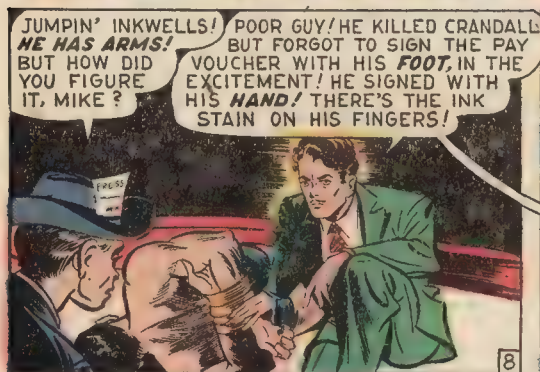
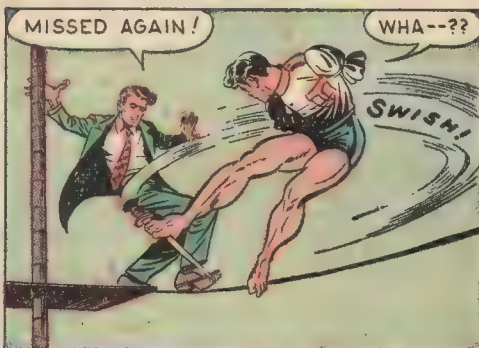
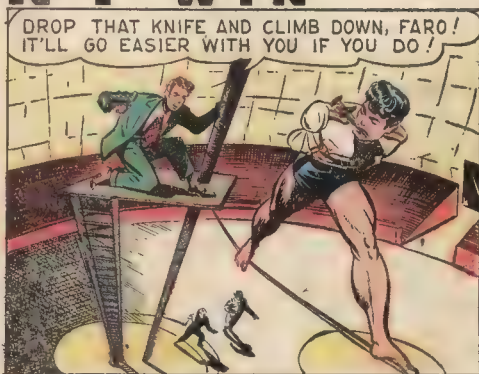
FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

CRIME CAN'T WIN

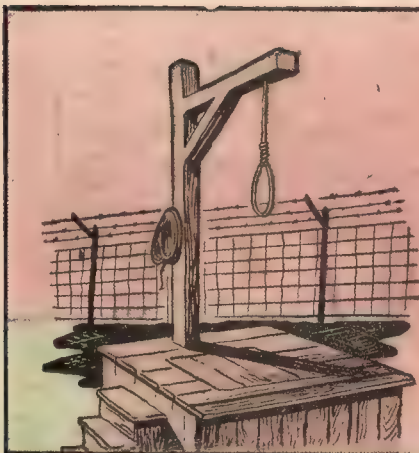


BEFORE YOU READ MIKE TRAPP'S SOLUTION, SEE IF YOU CAN FIGURE IT OUT YOURSELF! THEN TURN THIS PAGE UPSIDE DOWN AND SEE HOW MIKE TRAPP SOLVED THE CRIME!

WITH HIS HAND BY MISTAKE! RETURNED IMMEDIATELY AND SIGNED AND FORGOT TO SIGN THE VOUCHER. HE FIGURED FARO HAD KILLED CRANDALL AND FORGOT ON HIS FOOT! I WAS NO SMUDGE IN THE CLEAR, BUT THERE WHEN HE LIT MY CIGARETTE, HE WOULD FARO'S FOOT HAD SHOWN A SMUDGE SIGNED THE PAYROLL VOUCHERS. IF LEAKY PEN INVOLVED EVERYONE WHO THE INDELEIBLE INK FROM THE

THE END

FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES



BORN TO HANG

RIVER STREET was shrouded in a midnight darkness as Patrolman Eddie Brian strode slowly along the narrow sidewalk. Around him dark warehouses loomed ugly and misshapen. Three months earlier, when first assigned to this lonely beat, Eddie had made his rounds with his hand close to his police special. Now he felt at home in the neighborhood.

The boys at the police station called this section "easy" because there hadn't been an attempt to rob one of the buildings in nearly two years. But tonight Eddie knew things were going to be different. He knew that within a short time, far up the street in back of him, a truck would pull around to the rear of one of the buildings and when it left it would be loaded with a quarter of a million dollars worth of silk. And there wasn't a thing he could do about it!

Eddie's usually square shoulders, fitting snugly into his neat blue uniform, drooped with dejection. His watchful eyes darted down dark alleys and into doorways merely from force of habit. His mind was elsewhere, juggling the words Flick Sampson had spoken earlier in the evening.

"I've got some bad news for you, copper," Flick had sneered. The gang boss had been

waiting outside the neat white house where Eddie and his young brother Phil were keeping bachelor quarters until their mother returned from the hospital where she had undergone an operation. Flick was known by the law to be in on every unsavory kind of business in town, from big time robberies to pin ball machines. So far he had never been caught in the act of collecting on his rackets. "Your kid brother has decided to earn himself some real dough. He's joined up with me and the boys. We'll be doing a little business tonight in the Hopkins warehouse. If you don't want to make it rough on the kid you'd better be at the other end of the street between 1:00 and 2:00. Unless you want to play hero and take us in. But remember, if you do, the kid will be with us and think what that would do to your old lady in the hospital."

"Is what Flick says true, Phil?" Eddie had asked when he stopped at the garage where his brother was a mechanic.

"Sure! And why not?" Phil exclaimed angrily. "Between us we hardly make enough dough to keep the house going. And what about Ma's hospital bills. It'll take us years to pay them off."

"And what if Ma finds out? You'll break her heart," Eddie had said.

"She won't know about it unless you come around butting your nose in. Can't you see, Eddie, this one trick will set us on easy street for a while."

"You're more likely to get a slug in the gut, kid," Eddie had warned.

Phil laughed self-consciously. "Shucks, you know us Brian kids were born to be hung."

Those were the troubles weighing Eddie down as he walked along the dark street. He remembered when he and Phil were just kids living in the tough section of town. The chances had been a hundred to one that you would get into trouble in the neighborhood. Luckily neither one of them had made a bad mistake, at least not bad enough to get them into jail, before their mother had scraped up enough money to move out of the neighborhood. She always had said, "I'd rather see a son of mine dead than have him be a thief."

In back of him, far up the street, Eddie could hear the roar of a truck. He tried to close his ears to the sound which died down as the van turned into the alley alongside the Hopkins warehouse.

In his heart he knew that, not only was he letting the force down, but he also was disappointing his mother who had sacrificed so much to bring her kids up right. Could what he

REMEMBER!

The

FINEST,

FUNNIEST,

MOST EXCITING,

MOST INTERESTING.

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**MARTIN GOODMAN
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**STAN LEE
EDITOR**

By Kent B. Stiles

A geography and an encyclopaedia are essential tools for the stamp collector who would intelligently pursue his hobby. The newest among the titles of stamp-issuing administrations is "Tokelau Islands." The answers to the question "What and where are the Tokelau Islands?" probably could not have been correctly given by one in a million persons prior to a recent day when the postal authorities of New Zealand announced that, for the first time, special stamps are to be issued for use by the people who inhabit those islands.

That announcement caused collectors to do some research, because future stamp albums will provide spaces for these promised bits of postal paper: half-penny chocolate and violet, a village scene on Atafu; 1p brown and blue-green a hut on Nukunono; and 2p green and blue, a village scene on Fakaofu.

Atlases and other reference works show that Atafu, Nukunono and Fakaofu are tiny atolls lying 350 miles northeast of Samoa in the Pacific Ocean. Together they form the Tokelau (Union) Islands, seven miles square in area and with a population of about 2,000. Great Britain transferred Tokelau to New Zealand in 1926 and the islands have since been administered under the authority of Western Samoa, which is a territory controlled by New Zealand.

The Tokelau stamps are being printed in London, and it was stated at Wellington, capital of New Zealand, that the series would be made available probably in December, although it will be early in 1948 before the stamps are actually placed in use in the Tokelau Islands.

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Little Rock, Arkansas, Dept. 19

The New Zealand postal officials announced also that 1p, 2p and 6p stamps, and probably a 3p, are to be issued to commemorate the centennial of New Zealand's Otago Province. It was in 1848 that English emigrants arrived in Otago's Port Chalmers Harbor and settled there.

was doing be the correct thing? He wondered. If the gang got away with the silk he was sure to be suspended for neglect of duty, but at least his mother wouldn't know anything about Phil's part in the robbery. Yet, she had always said, "I'd rather see a son of mine dead..."

Suddenly Eddie knew what he had to do. There was no other way. His shoulders squared.

He had reached the far end of the street now. As he turned the corner he loosened his special in its holster. He moved quickly to the alley which backed the warehouses for the whole block. A few moments later he was skirting the truck the gang had parked at the loading platform of the Hopkins building. Inside he could hear the slight noise the gang made as they moved about. He approached the door and peeked in. Lying on the floor close by was the watchman tied hand and foot and gagged. By a dim light Eddie saw Flick and a bald-headed character working over packing cases, opening each one to be sure they got only the most expensive goods. Phil was nowhere in sight. A cold sweat broke out on Eddie's face. He knew that in the showdown he would have no choice but to treat Phil the same as Flick and the others, bullet for bullet. He raised his gun and stepped forward.

"Okay, copper, that's far enough," a voice grated in his ear and he felt the working end of a gun against his ribs. "Drop it," the voice ordered. Eddie let his revolver drop to the floor.

Flick and Baldy had grabbed their guns at the sound of voices. Now the gang leader stepped forward. There was a nasty grin on his face. "Couldn't keep your nose out of this could you, flat foot? Well, you asked for it. Take him out back, Joe. You know what to do," Flick ordered.

A feeling of desperation swept over Eddie as Joe poked him with the gun towards the depth of the warehouse. It was

better to go down fighting than to be cut down in cold blood. After all, he was a member of the toughest police force in the country and, too, he was a Brian and a Brian never fell down on his job.

With a sudden disregard for his life he spun around on his heels, pushing the threatening gun aside with one hand and landing a punch with the other. Joe fingered a shot into the darkness before going down and out, dropping the gun which Eddie scooped up as he dived behind a packing case. In a second the wooden case was shattered by lead as Flick and Baldy opened fire. As he exchanged shots with the gangsters Eddie couldn't help but wonder where Phil was. Keeping low he slid along the floor until he came to a crack between a row of boxes. With his first shot he saw Baldy double up and fall forward. Then there was silence from where Flick should have been. Eddie felt a prickling sensation run up and down his spine as he realized he had been tricked. Flick was in back of him. He was a dead duck.

"Lookout, Eddie!" A harsh voice cut through the stillness. As he threw himself to the side he caught a quick glimpse of Flick a dozen feet away with gun raised. But Flick was looking toward the doorway leading to the loading platform where Phil stood with a gun in his hand. Eddie saw the shirt Phil wore was bloody. Phil squeezed the trigger of his gun and Flick slowly slid to the floor, a large hole having appeared between his eyes.

"I couldn't go through with it, Eddie," Phil gasped as Eddie knelt beside him. "I told Flick I wouldn't, so he had Joe plug me. They thought I was through and left me in the truck." He stopped and coughed. "And don't worry about me, Eddie, I'll be all right. They didn't know you can't kill a Brian with lead," Phil gave a small laugh, "we were born to be hung."

THE END 2326

**STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP,
MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC.,
REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF
CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND
MARCH 3, 1933**

of Official True Crime Cases Comics published Quarterly at Meriden, Conn. for October 1, 1947.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State of New York, aforesaid, personally appeared Martin Goodman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Official True Crime Cases Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Official Comics, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Stan Lee, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Business Manager, Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

Official Comics, Inc., 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.; Martin Goodman, 350 5th Avenue, New York 1, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.)

None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which the stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) MARTIN GOODMAN.

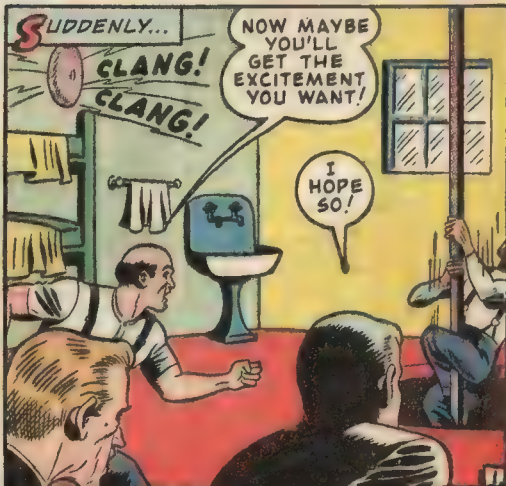
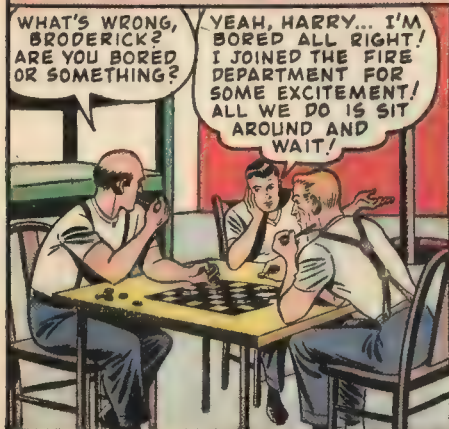
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 18th day of September, 1947.

(SEAL) SYLVIA FIEGEN.
(My commission expires March 30, 1949.)

CRIME CAN'T WIN

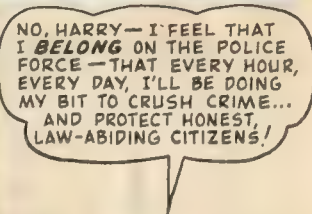
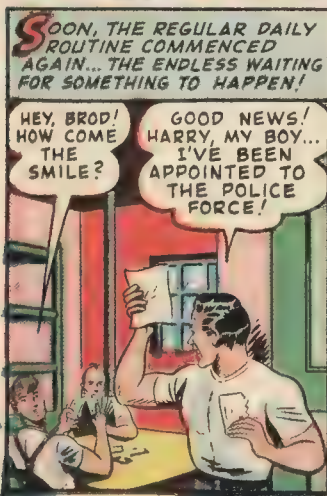


IN A NEW YORK CITY FIREHOUSE, EARLY IN 1922...



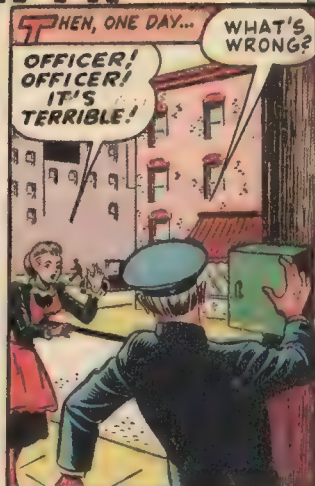
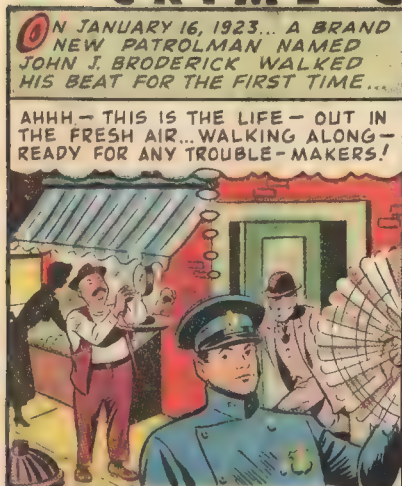
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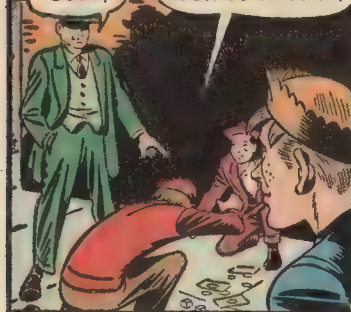
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CRIME CAN'T WIN

BY 1926, THE INTREPID OFFICER WAS PROMOTED TO FIRST GRADE DETECTIVE, WITH AN ESTABLISHED REPUTATION FOR COURAGE AND SKILL...

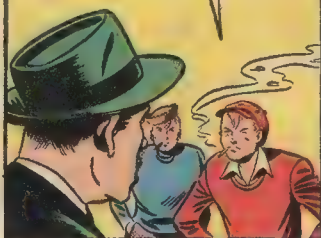
BREAK THAT GAME UP, BOYS!

AH, SHUT UP, FLAT FOOT! YOU CAN'T PUSH US AROUND!



DON'T GET FRESH, SON! YOU'LL WIND UP WITH A LOT OF TROUBLE ON YOUR HANDS!

WHAT'LL YOU DO, COPPER? PULL A GUN ON ME, LIKE ALL THE REST OF YOU COPS? YOU'RE AFRAID TO TRY ANYTHING WITHOUT A GUN OR NIGHTSTICK!



YOU TALK TOO MUCH FOR A YOUNG PUNK! I SEE I'LL HAVE TO TEACH YOU A LESSON!



BEAT HIS EARS OFF, SLUGGER!

RUIN THE COPPER, SLUGGER!



BRODERICK HANDLED THE HOODLUM IN SHORT ORDER...

THERE'S YOUR HERO! NOW IF ANY OF YOU YOUNG PUNKS WANT THE SAME DOSE, I'LL DISH IT OUT... ALL TOGETHER—OR ONE AT A TIME! ANYBODY ELSE?

NO SIR, MR. BRODERICK! WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH!

HE WAS ASSIGNED THE BROADWAY BEAT AND WAS WELL KNOWN ALONG THE GREAT WHITE WAY...

HELLO, DAVE! HOW'S EVERYTHING?

FINE, JOHNNY! THINGS ARE PRETTY QUIET SINCE YOU'RE ON DUTY HERE!



WITH ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE ACCURACY, THE SHARP-EYED POLICEMAN COULD SPOT A CROOK, EVEN ON TEEMING BROADWAY...

LET'S GO, SHRIMP! WE'LL KNOCK OFF THE CIGAR STORE, NOW!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THOSE TWO! I'LL TAIL 'EM!



HOIST 'EM! THIS IS A STICK UP!

I WAS RIGHT! I'LL GET 'EM WHEN THEY COME OUT!



FROM OFFICIAL POLICE FILES

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BEHIND THEIR BARRIER, CROUCHING LIKE HUNTED BEASTS, THE THREE CONVICTS HEARD BRODERICK!



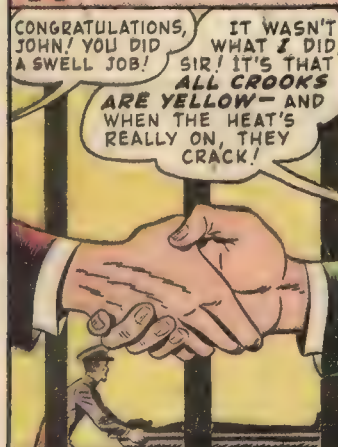
SUDDENLY, THREE SHOTS CAME FROM THE CONVICTS, AND THEN SILENCE!



WELL, WHAT DO YOU KNOW? THE RATS KNOCKED THEMSELVES OFF! THEY COULD DISH IT OUT— BUT THEY COULDN'T TAKE IT!



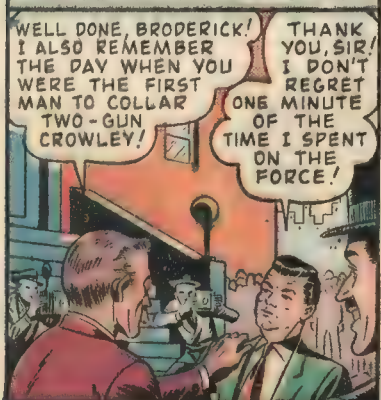
A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



FOR MORE THAN TWENTY-FOUR YEARS, DETECTIVE JOHN J. BRODERICK HAS ALWAYS RISKED HIS OWN LIFE TO SAFEGUARD THE LAW...



NOW HE HAS RETIRED FROM ACTIVE DUTY, AFTER A LONG, COLORFUL SERVICE TO THE PEOPLE OF NEW YORK CITY...



TODAY, DETERMINED YOUNG MEN STAND READY TO FILL HIS PLACE! PLEDGED TO CRUSH CRIME WHEREVER IT LIFTS ITS HEAD!



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Company
Dept. 5, Joliet, Ill.

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Send C.O.D. I will pay postman \$1 plus postage.
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SORRY, NO C.O.D.'s OUTSIDE U.S.A.

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BB's, 3 pkgs. 25c; .177 pellets, 50¢ for \$1.50; steel darts, 25c package. Order Plenty of Ammunition. JOHNSON SMITH & CO., Dept. 810 Detroit 7, Mich.

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Most powerful for anywhere near the money. 3 sections. Closes to 1 ft. long. Contains 4 ground and polished lenses. Also used as a powerful compound microscope. Directions included. Mass production enables us to offer this high-powered instrument at the amazing price of only \$2.95. We pay the postage. Get yours immediately!

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Runs on a Single Dry Cell (not included).
Use it to run Toys, Pumps, Pulleys, Etc. Size 2 1/2 x 2 1/2 in.
—Kit complete with illustrated folder.

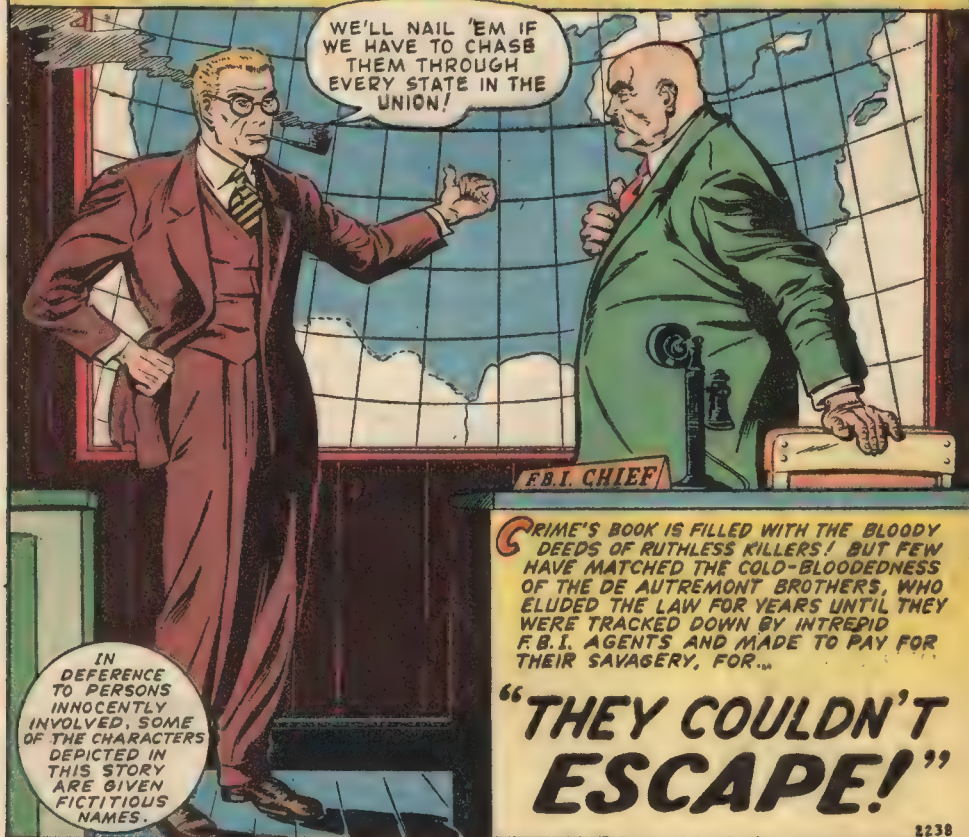
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To Be Set to Music
★ only to song poets for free—no charge. Any subject. Send 5-10 lines.
★ PHOTOGRAPH RECORDS MADE
★ FIVE STAR MUSIC MASTERS, 727 Beacon Bldg., Boston, Mass.

CRIME CAN'T WIN

"THE Mighty **MANHUNT!**"



CRIME'S BOOK IS FILLED WITH THE BLOODY DEEDS OF RUTHLESS KILLERS! BUT FEW HAVE MATCHED THE COLD-BLOODEDNESS OF THE DE AUTREMONT BROTHERS, WHO ELUDED THE LAW FOR YEARS UNTIL THEY WERE TRACKED DOWN BY INTREPID F.B.I. AGENTS AND MADE TO PAY FOR THEIR SAVAGERY, FOR...

"THEY COULDN'T ESCAPE!"

2238

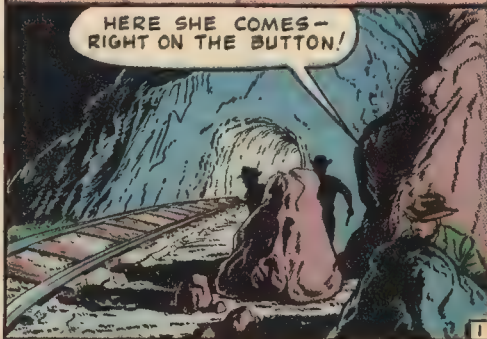
JUSTICE TRIUMPHED IN AN OREGON COURT ALMOST TWENTY YEARS AGO, AS THREE CRIMINALS LISTENED TO THEIR SENTENCE...

HUGH, ROY AND RAY DE AUTREMONT—YOU ARE SENTENCED TO IMPRISONMENT FOR THE REST OF YOUR NATURAL LIVES IN OREGON STATE PENITENTIARY!



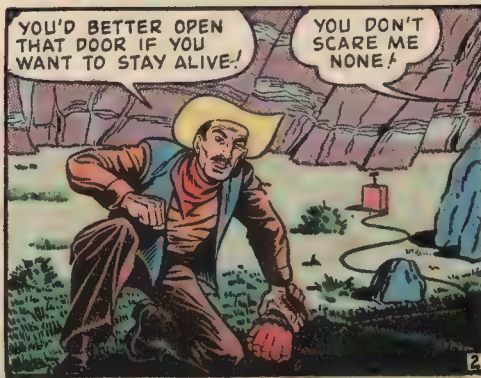
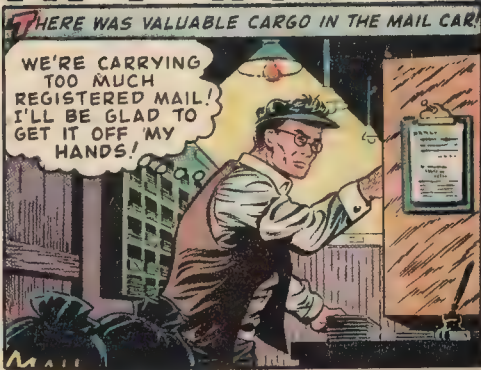
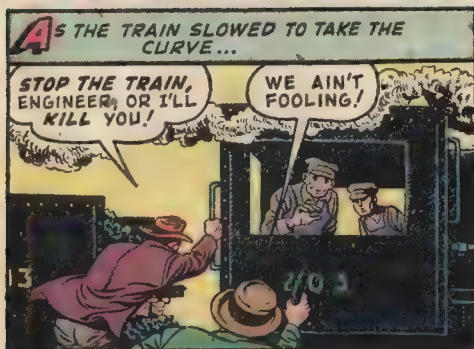
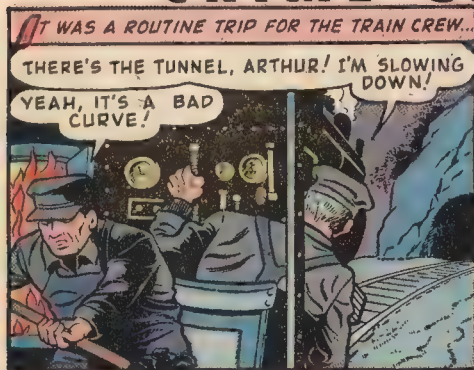
ON THE NIGHT OF OCTOBER 11, 1923, THE DE AUTREMONTS STARTED ON THE ROAD WHICH BROUGHT THEM BEHIND BARS... AS THEY WATCHED THE FAST EXPRESS ENROUTE TO LOS ANGELES RACE TOWARD THEM...

HERE SHE COMES—
RIGHT ON THE BUTTON!



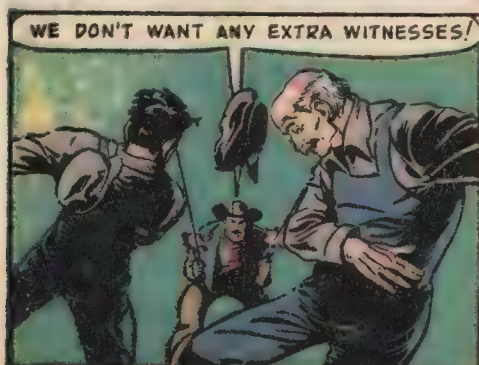
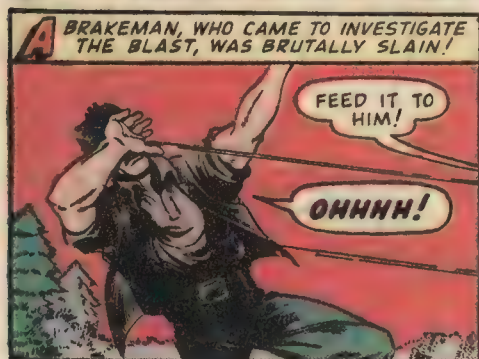
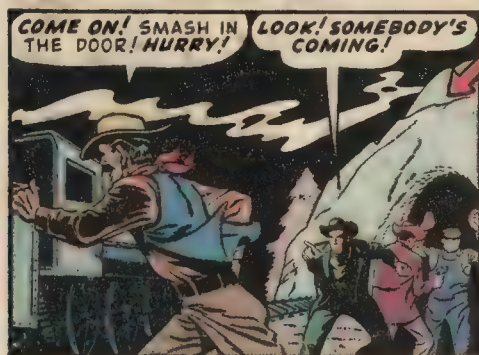
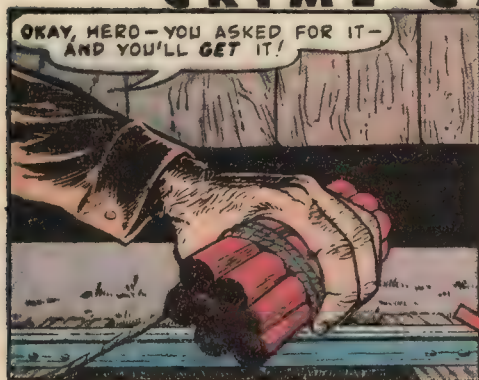
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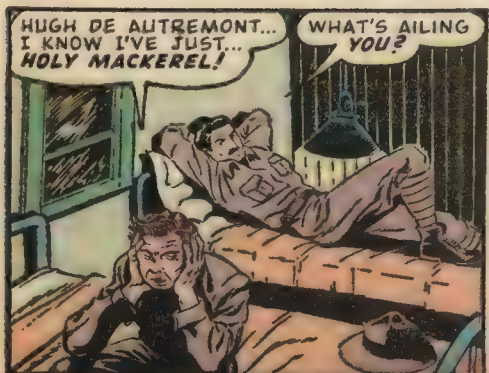
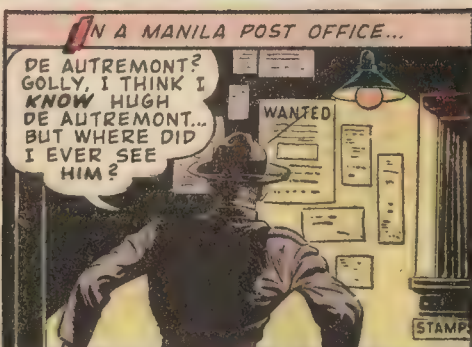
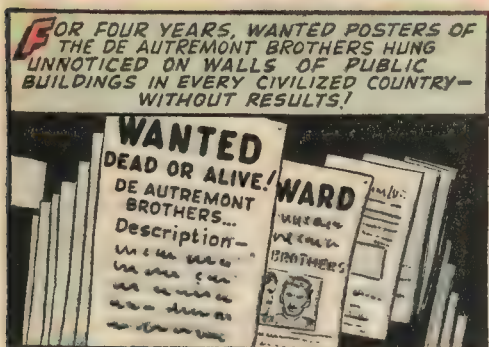
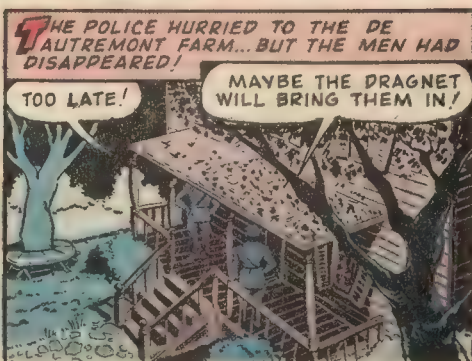
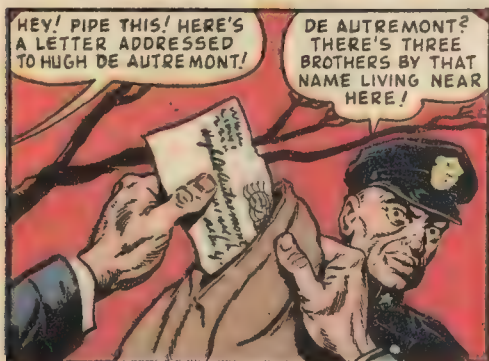
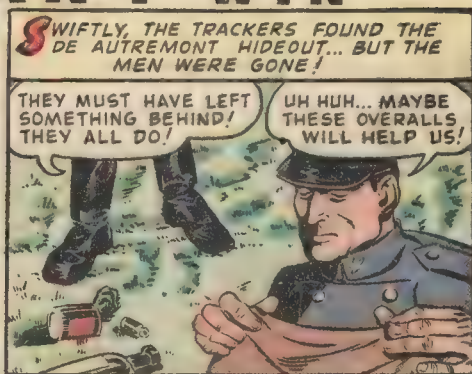
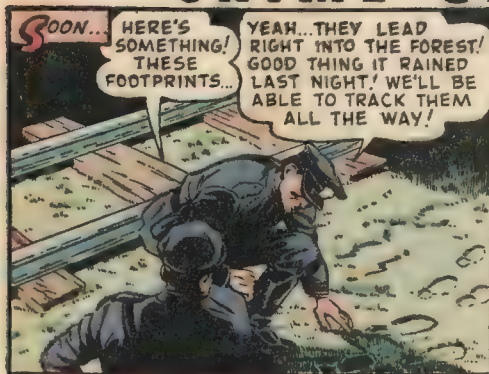
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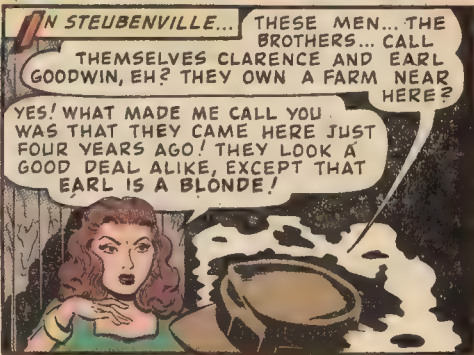
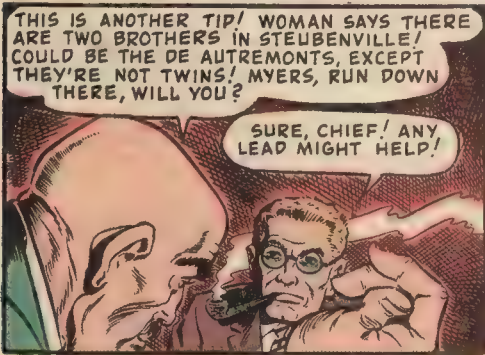
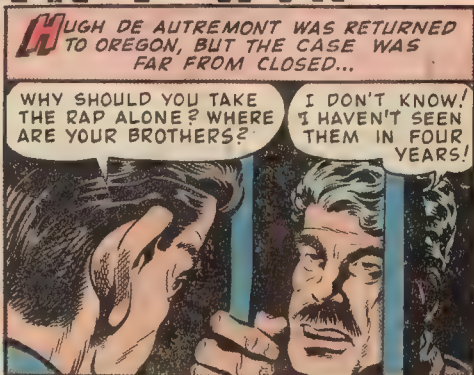
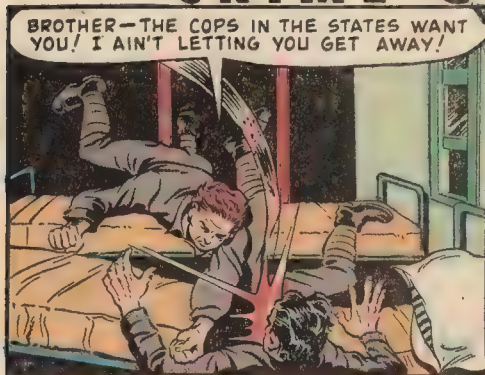
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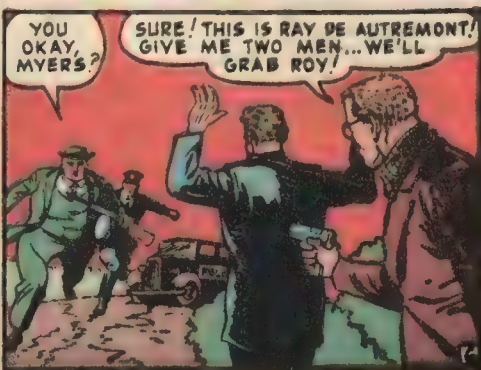
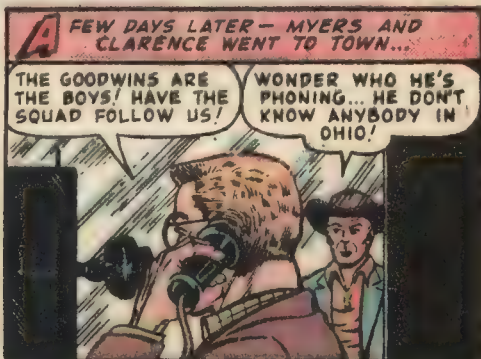
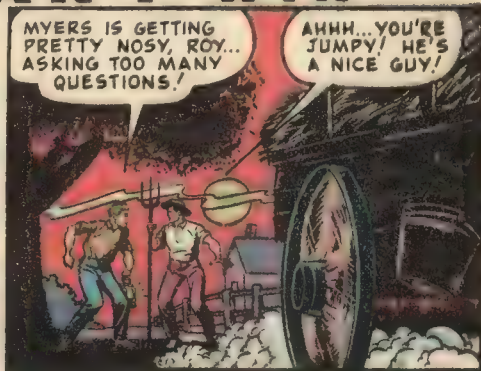
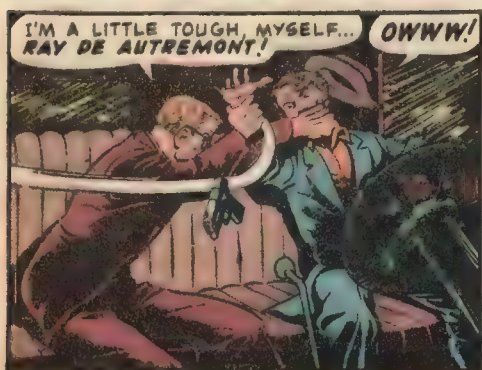
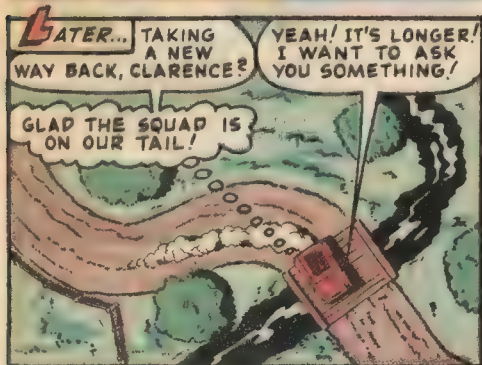
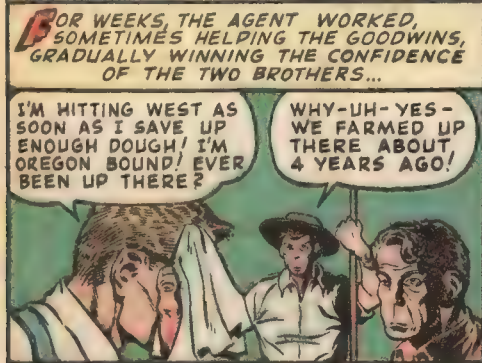
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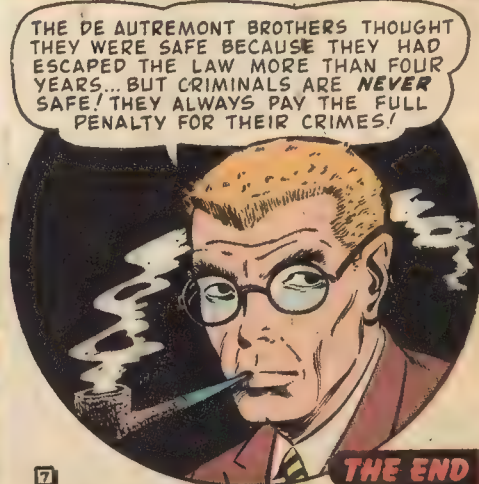
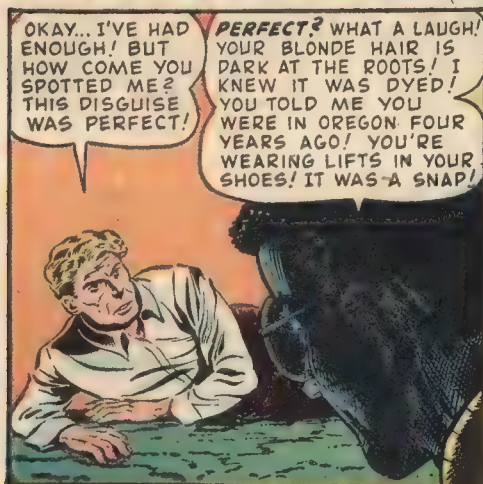
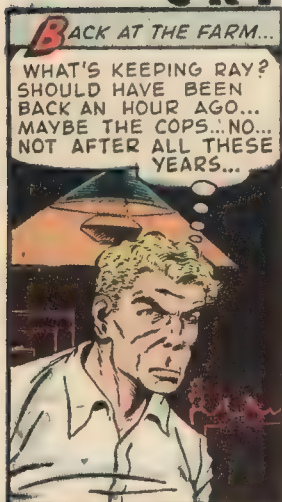
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ARE A TERRIFIC TOY-
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OR TUBES!



AH! THIS PROGRAM
COMES IN CLEAR AS
A BELL.



JUNIOR USES
AN AERIAL
TIED TO A TREE

THIS METAL WINDOW
FRAME MAKES A
GOOD AERIAL!



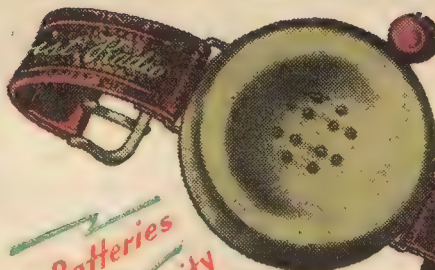
DIET SMITH GETS
STOCK REPORTS
ON HIS WRIST RADIO

NOW I CAN LISTEN TO
RADIO PROGRAMS
WITHOUT DISTURBING
ANYONE!



TEES
TRANSMIT
SOUNDS
A QUIET
EVENING

OH BOY! IT WORKS TWO
WAYS! RECEIVES BROADCASTS
AND IS A PRIVATE TWO-WAY
TRANSMITTER BETWEEN ME
AND ALL MY FRIENDS WHO
OWN A DICK TRACY WRIST RADIO



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The Most Compact
Sending and Receiving
Set You've Ever Seen!

It Really Works



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You've Seen It In The Comics. . .

NOW YOU CAN HAVE ONE OF YOUR VERY OWN!

Here it is, kids . . . the one and only DICK TRACY TWO-WAY Wrist Radio that actually transmits your voice over short distances . . . and receives regular radio broadcasts up to 50 miles away. Yes, we've strived to make this TWO-WAY Wrist Radio as much like DICK TRACY's as possible, and we're offering it to real DICK TRACY Fans at a price far lower than you'd expect to pay for even a one-way radio.

WEAR IT LIKE ANY WATCH . . . LISTEN IN LIKE ANY RADIO
Just think of the fun you'll have using it . . . listening in to ball games . . . getting the low-down on things the very moment they happen. With a DICK TRACY TWO-WAY Wrist Radio you'll quickly become the most popular kid in town. But remember, quantity is limited, so if you want to be sure of getting yours you had better ACT NOW!

USES RADAR DETECTOR SIMILAR TO THAT DEVELOPED DURING WAR!
Not just a dream . . . but a scientific reality! At last, radio engineers have developed a combination radio receiver and telephonic transmitter so compact you can wear it on your wrist. Specially built-in earphone assures private reception for your ears alone, and powerful RADAR detector pulls in far-off stations. Comes to you complete with aerial and ground connections. Order one and use it to listen to radio stations. Order TWO and you'll actually be able to transmit your voice from one building to another with amazing results. Get on the road to popularity! Amaze friends! Send for your DICK TRACY TWO-WAY Wrist Radio today!



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CHECK ☐ Ship postpaid. I am enclosing cash.
ONE ☐ Ship C.O.D. I'll pay postman total plus postage.

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TRUE CRIME CASES

ROY! YA...YA DRUGGED MY
DRINK! ROY, YA WUZ SUPPOSED
TO BE MY PAL... MY BUDDY!
(GASP) YA CAN'T DO THIS TO
A (GASP) PAL... YA
CAN'T... UGH...

NOBODY'S MY PAL
WHEN THERE'S
A REWARD OUT FER
'IM! HA, I CAN FEEL
THAT TEN GRAND IN
MY HANDS NOW! TOO
BAD, SUCKER,
TOO BAD!!!

O.K., COPPERS... YA CAN COME
AROUND AND PICK UP
WILBUR UNDERHILL NOW!
AND DON'T FORGET TO BRING
THAT REWARD MONEY WITH YA



HONOR
AMONG THIEVES?
HA! DON'T MAKE
US LAUGH!
READ THE AMAZING
TRUE STORY OF WILBUR
UNDERHILL, CRAVEN
KILLER WHO LEARNED
HIS LESSON THE
HARD WAY...
THE DEADLY
WAY!

WHILE THEY LAST

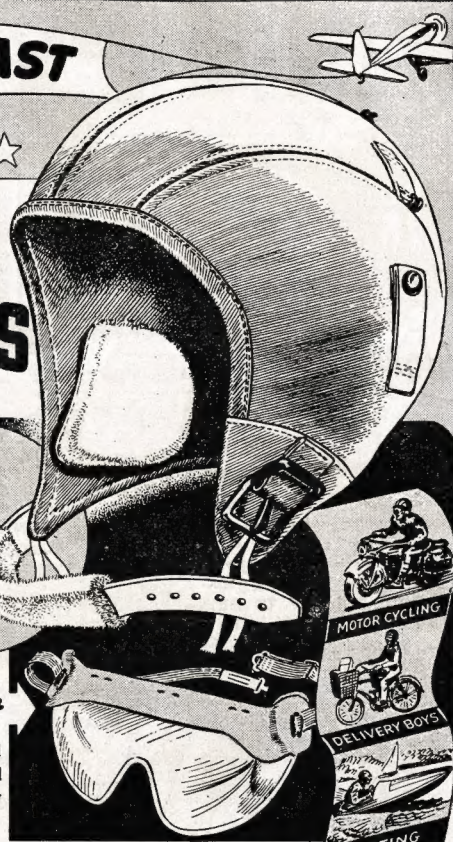
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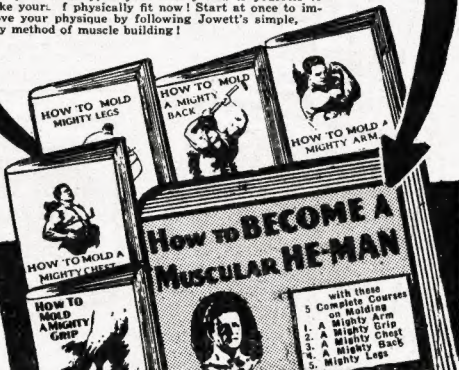
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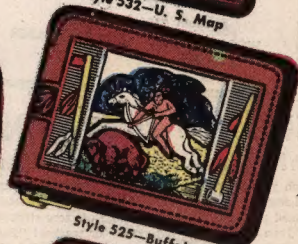
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